

for the Post-Dispatch  
By C. M. PAYNE.



for the Post-Dispatch  
By VIC.

CAN'T KID ME!  
KNOW TEA  
EN AY SMELL  
IT!!!



In Apprehension.  
GAVE her a plush album on  
wedding anniversary. It was  
about the house for some time,  
looked like new.  
"Well."  
"Now she has found that I have  
anniversary soon."  
"Well, no doubt you expect her  
elopement."  
"Reciprocate is not the word.  
I said she will retaliate."

HATS 5  
PURCHASE  
\$1.00  
DOWN  
\$1.00  
A Week

CREDIT  
boy wearing your Suit  
he is paying for it. We clothe  
usands of men and women  
credit - why not you?  
he in tomorrow and be  
for Easter.  
\$.75 for \$20 Suits  
pick of more than one  
dressed styles of men's and  
dressed men's pure worsted  
in all shades, including  
with  
\$14.75

Ladies' Suits  
Your choice of a  
large assortment of  
Ladies' Suits in all  
new shades in serge  
and crepe cloth; latest  
styles;  
\$16.50

WILL C  
CLOTHING  
BROADWAY

Harold MacGrath Wrote  
**PARROT & CO.**  
Begins TOMORROW  
In the Sunday Post-Dispatch

### ROBBERS AVOID 17 SLEUTHS PICKETING A ROOMING HOUSE

Harry Fisher, Trained to St. Louis Through Laundry; Is Held 24 Hours in Room in Effort to Trap Alleged Confederates by Phone Calls.

### SUSPECT FINALLY IS TAKEN TO LOUISVILLE

Prisoners Believed to Be One of Gang of Cracksmen, Another of Whom Broke Jail at Rochester Four Months Ago.

Seventeen detectives, swarming around a rooming house at 2653 Olive street, where they had arrested Harry Fisher, suspected safe breaker, are believed to have unconsciously, by their activity, drawn warning to two of Fisher's confederates and enabled them to get away.

While Fisher was held a prisoner in the room more than a day and night, the detectives, who were guarding Fisher in the hope that his friends would appear, were in and out of the house. The probability was suggested in police circles Saturday that Fisher's friends, if they approached the house, perceived the guards and stir about there and were put on their guard.

Although two of Fisher's confederates were in the city, one only a few blocks away, trying to get into communication with him by telephone, the small army of detectives did not capture them.

Fisher, who is suspected of being a member of a gang of cracksmen, robbing all over the country, who robbed the safe in Childs' restaurant, of 833 Broadway street, was taken to Louisville Friday night in answer to a robbery charge there.

The known presence of the three men in St. Louis and the fact that the method used in the Childs' robbery was the same as in a "dick hill jimmy" was the method used in other robberies, leaves no doubt in the minds of the detectives that the Childs robbery was committed by the gang.

Telegram letters and others were received by the police according to the detectives, that he and his companions were members of a national organization with headquarters in New York, to which the men made regular reports of their operations.

Two Louisville Sales Robbed.  
Two weeks ago the safe of a jewelry store and that of the Zapp & Hart grocery at Louisville were robbed and an attempt was made to blow the safe of Alex Meyer's pawnshop. Chief Detective J. P. Carney of Louisville said today the robbers had collected ultraviolet caps and yellow paraphernalia and laundry tickets, which latter gave a clue to their identity.

Carney and Detective Stephens of his staff traced the men to Indianapolis by means of a package of laundry that was forwarded to Harry Fisher from Louisville by parcel post. They found where he and companions had roomed at Indianapolis, but they are still looking for the suspects were in that city a jewelry store and a 5c and 10c store had been robbed.

Second Package Traced Here.  
The detectives traced another laundry package, sent by parcel post from Indianapolis to Joseph Fisher at 2653 Olive street. Fisher took a room at that address Thursday of last week. The detectives say they think he is the man who put the safe of the land at Childs' restaurant and wrote to him to come on, as he had a good plant. Saturday night, they say, he was joined by two men. Sunday night, the night before last, the restaurant was robbed, they say. All four of the room all night.

Private detectives learned last Wednesday that the men had been at 2653 Olive street house. They told Chief Detective Allender and it was decided to raid the house. Wednesday night the detectives went to the house with Chief Carney and Detective Stephens of Louisville. They searched every room, but the robbers were not there. They took the laundry into their possession and picked the place. At 10 a. m. Fisher approached the door and was seized by three detectives. A revolver was taken from him and he was dragged to his room.

Fisher Gets Phone Call.  
Fisher was guarded by two men all day Thursday noon, when one of his pals called up on the telephone. The landlady, under the detectives' instructions, told Fisher was not there and asked for a telephone number he should call. The number was given which the detectives learned was at 2653 Olive street. Delmar boulevard. Clark's testified a photograph of a safe robber known as "Jack" as the person who had used the telephone.

There was another telephone call. It came from a saloon at Broadway and Market streets. They learned that a man identified by photograph as Harry Schmolski, alias "Red", had used the telephone and had a bottle of grape juice and sent the porter to Joe Fisher at 2653 Olive street. Meanwhile the porter had been at the Olive street house with grape juice and other detectives followed him to the saloon.

He was kept at the house until

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### CLOUDY TONIGHT AND TOMORROW; WARMER

THE TEMPERATURES.  
8 a. m. 40 10 a. m. 45  
2 p. m. 50 8 p. m. 45  
Low 35 High 55

Yesterday's Temperatures.  
High .48 at 1 p. m. Low .40 at 8 a. m.

### MISSOURI HIT THE ICE TRUST IN THE POLAR PLEXUS

"Well, well, I didn't know you were an athlete," said Jiggs.

"Don't bother me," puffed the sweater-clad Riggs as he went by on the run.

"Hey, wait a minute. What's up?"

"I'll tell you when I get back."

Jiggs waited until Riggs stopped almost exhausted after three turns around the block.

"Now, tell me what you're doing," he said.

"Training. I'm to take up Art Hill tomorrow," panted Riggs.

Official forecast for St. Louis and vicinity: Mostly cloudy tonight and Sunday; probably showers; somewhat warmer tonight.

For Missouri—Mostly cloudy tonight and Sunday; probably showers; somewhat warmer tonight.

### TERRIFIC STORMS DELAY MAURETANIA IN PASSAGE

Liner Reaches New York 12 Hours Late—Fire Damages Stateroom on Voyage.

NEW YORK, April 4.—The Cunard liner Mauretania arrived today from Liverpool and Queenstown, 12 hours late. She was delayed by a series of terrific storms which lasted throughout the passage. Passengers were forced to remain from the outer decks during nearly the whole voyage.

Three days out from Liverpool a stateroom on "A" deck caught fire from a short-circuited electric wire. The interior was badly damaged.

### ALBANIAN RULER TO FIGHT GREEKS WHO TOOK TOWN

Prince William Gives Orders to Mobilize Army for War on Insurgents.

DURAZZO, Albania, April 4.—Prince William, the new ruler of Albania, today announced his intention of taking the field and leading the Albanian troops against Greek insurgents who have taken the town of Koritza.

Dispatches last night reported that the town had been captured and partly destroyed. A general mobilization of the Albanian forces was ordered today.

### SECRETARY BRYAN BETTER DIRECTS DEPARTMENT AFFAIRS, BUT STILL IS KEPT IN HOME.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—Secretary Bryan, who is suffering from a severe cold, was improved today. Although still confined to his house, he was giving personal attention to State Department affairs.

He expects to return to his desk Monday.

Cannon Seeks "Heaven" in Bermuda.  
NEW YORK, April 4.—Joseph G. Cannon, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, sailed for Bermuda today on board the steamer Arcadian. He is going, he said, to see if Bermuda is as much like heaven as Mark Twain said it was.

### A Regular Stunt!

Thursday of this week was the 23d day, and Friday the 24th day, out of 93 days that have passed thus far this year, on which the POST-DISPATCH carried as much or more display advertising from the merchants of St. Louis than all four of the other city papers—the Globe-Democrat, Republic, Times and Star—added together, carried on the same days.

The Thursday count was—

Post-Dispatch alone, 116 cols.  
Globe-Democrat, all the other city papers, added together... 91 cols.

Friday—  
Post-Dispatch alone, 125 cols.  
Globe-Democrat, all the other city papers, added together... 122 cols.

There is nothing spasmodic or intermittent in the way these city merchants pick the POST-DISPATCH over all combined competition through which to tell their store news to an eager public, but they keep it up day after day, week after week and year after year, because the POST-DISPATCH is

The only paper in every home.  
The only paper in many homes.  
St. Louis' ONE BIG Newspaper.  
Circulation last Sunday:  
**331,531**  
First in Everything.

### WEYERHAEUSER LUMBER MAGNATE DIES OF A COLD

Minnesota Multimillionaire Was One of Wealthiest Men in the World.

### ILL ONLY TEN DAYS CUT OFF WITH ONLY \$1

Suit Alleged That Excessive Use of Alcohol Had Unbalanced Father's Mind.

PASADENA, Cal., April 4.—Frederick W. Weyerhaeuser, 79 years old, Minnesota multimillionaire lumber and timber operator, died today at his winter home at Oak Knoll.

He was stricken 10 days ago with a severe cold. Threatening symptoms developed, and several times he sank to the verge of death, but rallied and yesterday appeared to be all but recovered.

Weyerhaeuser's body was sent aboard a limited train bound for Rock Island, Ill., his old home, for interment.

Weyerhaeuser caught cold Sunday a week ago, while attending church. On the following Wednesday his condition became so alarming that his children were sent for. Three physicians were called and remained in attendance day and night. They managed to overcome recurrent sinking spells until shortly after 5 o'clock this morning, when the patient sank into a comatose condition, and passed away at 8:30 o'clock.

His sons, John, Frederick, Rudolph and Charles, and his daughters, Mrs. Margaret Jewett, Mrs. W. B. Hill and Mrs. S. S. Davis, were at the bedside at the end.

The final sinking spell came at a time when it was believed Weyerhaeuser would recover. Several days ago he appeared to be on the verge of death, but resorted to oxygen rallied him, and thereafter he appeared to improve rapidly.

The only disquieting symptom was an uncertain heart action and the physicians yesterday said that they finally had overcome this. But this morning it recurred and neither oxygen nor other stimulant would avail.

Weyerhaeuser's Fortune Estimated at From \$9 to \$100 Millions.

ST. PAUL, Minn., April 4.—Frederick W. Weyerhaeuser's unobstructed climb to wealth, the progress of which was not discovered by the public generally until it had become a matter of argument as to whether he was richer than John D. Rockefeller, will lend his name more readily to the romantic tales than to the records of history. The only man who ever knew the intimate story of this climb was not a talkative man and now he is dead.

In spite of this, he was one of the world's rich men, with a fortune variously put at from \$30,000,000 to \$100,000,000, invested almost wholly in the lumber interests of the Northwest. It was there that he was best known and his title as "lumber king" was undisputed in both Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Weyerhaeuser began acquiring immense tracts of white pine timber in both Wisconsin and Minnesota before the prices began to soar and before railroads had been built through the pine forests. The lack of transportation enabled him to buy cheaply and the fact that he built spur railroads of his own later, enabled him to get logs out and market them at prices which were far in advance of the original cost of the timber.

Weyerhaeuser remained in the background in all of his great deals and gave little information concerning his activities.

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### GEORGE A. MILLER GETS \$115,000 TO END WILL CASE

Son of Railroad Man Is Granted Revenue From Stated Trust Fund.

### Widow and Son Who Sued Her and Won Share of Estate

An agreement has been reached by which George A. Miller, 20-year-old son of the late Alfred I. Miller, will have the income from a trust fund of \$115,000 in settlement of his suit against his mother, Mrs. Georgiana Miller, to set aside his father's will.

Alfred I. Miller was purchasing agent for the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad and he left an estate valued at about \$300,000.

Settlement of the suit was reached Saturday by persons interested in the suit.

In his action to break the will young Miller included as defendants his sister, Miss Helen Miller and Mrs. Marie Connor of Boston, but this was said to be merely a legal formality. He had the sympathy of the sisters in his suit, as, like him, they had been cut off in the will with \$1 each.

Alcohol Affected Father's Mind.  
Being a minor, Miller sued through Joseph A. Rule as best friend. In his petition Miller alleged that through excessive use of alcohol his father was of unsound mind when the will was drawn and was dominated and unduly influenced by Mrs. Miller.

Young Miller recently has been in Colorado for his health and is said to have been in need of funds when the suit was filed.

Mrs. Georgiana Miller, principal defendant, formerly lived at 5485 Maple avenue. At the time her son's suit was filed, last October, she was defendant in two other court actions.

The first proceeding against her was a suit filed by her daughter, Mrs. Connor, who asked a guardian be appointed for Mrs. Miller. The daughter alleged Mrs. Miller used intoxicants to such an extent she was incapable of managing her affairs.

About the same time Mrs. Olive W. Gardner, wife of a dentist, sued Mrs. Miller for \$100,000, alleging Mrs. Miller had alienated Gardner's affections. Mrs. Gardner also named Mrs. Miller as co-defendant in a divorce suit filed at Clayton.

In the suit to break the will George A. Miller was represented by Attorney John S. Leahy. Stern & Haberman represented the defendant heirs.

### Widow and Son Who Sued Her and Won Share of Estate



MRS. GEORGIANA MILLER.

### MEN POLITICIANS PLAY PRANKS ON WOMEN VOTERS

Madison County (Ill.) Woman Tells of Tricks "Wets" Try on the "Drys."

Illinois women, who, next Tuesday, will cast their first votes at the township elections in Madison County, are being made the victims of election pranks by the old politicians, who are turning to advantage the suffragists' scant knowledge of practical politics.

Mrs. H. F. Butler, a leader of the campaign for local option in Venice and Nameoki Townships, told Saturday, how "wet" advocates, posing as "drys", have, in reality, been instructing the women how to vote "wet" under the pretext they were telling the way to vote "dry."

When the "wet" campaigners called on a woman who was known to favor local option, Mrs. Butler said, they would tell her they had been sent around to instruct the women how to vote "dry." They told the women they must vote "No" if they did not want saloons. A "No" vote, in reality, means a vote for the saloons.

"The wet" campaigners had made a thorough canvass," Mrs. Butler said, "and in making a house-to-house campaign they were going to vote with us, but who would have voted 'wet' had they not corrected them."

Mrs. Butler said the "drys" probably would close their campaign Sunday night with a mass meeting at the Nidegghaus Memorial M. E. Church in Granite City. She said Nameoki township would give a majority for local option, but she was not sure about the result in Venice Township.

C. H. Kunemann, secretary of the Personal Liberty League, said the campaign of the liquor forces was closed. He predicted a "wet" majority in Nameoki Township and said Venice Township would vote "wet" by 3 to 1.

In Alto business men posted notices of \$1000 reward for the exposure of election frauds when it was reported a large number of men had been imported by the "wets" for some purpose. The "dry" forces also have posted notices of several \$50 rewards for the discovery of fraud and have employed detectives.

### BARTENDER WHO ACCUSED JOHN GOLDEN ARRESTED

Robert Koenn Charged With Perjury for Changing Testimony Against Saloon Owner.

Robert Koenn, 38 years old, 4144 Lee avenue, formerly bartender at the Hotel Hotel, surrendered at the Sheriff's office Saturday on learning a bench warrant charging perjury had been issued for him by the grand jury.

Alonso Blackmore, 349 Pine street, a negro porter at the Hotel, was arrested Friday night on a perjury charge. Both men were released on bond of \$100.

The warrants grew out of the case of John Golden, saloon keeper at Thirtieth and Market streets, and a politician in the Fifth Ward. Koenn and Blackmore testified before Assistant Circuit Attorney Bear Feb. 17 that Golden had exhibited a revolver in the Hotel bar in a dispute over change.

At the preliminary hearing in the Court of Criminal Correction the following day they said they did not remember seeing a revolver.

There is a difference in home life where the wife and children feel they own their home. One of the Post-Dispatch wants to home burglars today may be your opportunity.

### RAILROADS PUT ON-LID IN DINERS IN MISSOURI

Indictment of Wabash Receivers in Clay County, Which Is "Dry" Causes Action.

Railroads have stopped selling liquor on trains in Missouri since a Clay County grand jury indicted the Wabash receivers several weeks ago for permitting the sale of intoxicants on diners while crossing Clay County, which is "dry."

While there are many wet counties in the State, the principal difficulty foreseen by railroad officials was determining when the trains were in "wet" and when in "dry" territory.

### CASE DISMISSED WHEN WITNESS CAN'T BE FOUND

Prosecuting Attorney Lashby of St. Louis County Saturday entered a nolle prosequi in the case against Sam Mints, charged with robbing a Missouri freight car near Luxembourg in 1908, owing to the State's inability to produce the star witness.

Shortly after the robbery Mints was convicted and sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary, but got a retrial upon appeal. For the last three years, Sheriff Bode and Lashby, aided by railroad detectives, have attempted to find the witness.

The petition alleges that there are secret agreements between the packers and the dealers in the combination, by which neither would make complaints against the other. Under this agreement, it is charged, the dealers may exact whatever charges for packages and food against shippers and owners of stock.

## LIVE STOCK 'CHANGE AND OTHERS SUED AS TRUST FOR \$250,000

Labron W. Burton of St. Louis Alleges National Monopoly and Excessive Commissions.

### PACKERS ARE DECLARED TO CONTROL THE YARDS

Dealer, Whose Action Is Against National Stock Yards, Nine Commission Firms, Swift and Morris and 20 Dealers, Says He Was Excluded Because of Protests.

Labron W. Burton of 5082 Von Versen avenue, a livestock dealer, brought a suit Saturday for \$250,000 damages in the St. Louis Circuit Court against the Live Stock Exchange of East St. Louis, the National Stock Yards, nine commission companies, the Swift and Morris packing companies, and 20 individual stock dealers.

In a petition of approximately 8000 words, Burton alleges that the defendants and others have formed a monopoly, national in scope, for dealing in livestock; that it has arbitrarily fixed maximum and minimum commission charges; that these charges are excessive, and that the defendants impose a sort of close corporation for dealing among themselves and treating out competition.

Burton, who is an exporter of livestock, declares he has received assurances from several hundred shippers to the stockyards that they will support his action in the courts. Many of them, he declares, have promised him whatever financial backing he may need to fight the case to a conclusion.

Waive of the Exchange.  
The petition contains what purports to be the first revelation to the general public of the inside workings of the Live Stock Exchange, including the schedules of prices said to have been agreed upon. Excerpts from the rules of the company, not heretofore made public, are cited in support of Burton's contention that it would be impossible for any independent dealer to do business on the market against the opposition of the so-called "trust."

Burton declares that he himself has been made a victim of these rules. He estimates his actual damages at \$60,000 and asks \$200,000 punitive damages, on the theory that the defendants have formed an unlawful combination in restraint of trade.

Burton alleges that before the defendants entered into a combination, commissions on the market were 30 per cent lower than the lowest rates charged by the alleged combination. He declares that the defendants raised the prices until now, in the language of the petition, "a reasonable charge for buying and selling livestock at said National Stockyards would not be to exceed 30 per cent of the schedule of charges set forth in the last established rate by the defendants."

### Live Stock Exchange Commission Rates as Named in Burton Suit

HERE are some of the commission rates agreed upon by members of the Live Stock Exchange, according to the petition of Labron W. Burton:

Section 1. Unloaded cattle in car lots.  
Cattle—50 cents per head, not less than \$12 nor more than \$15 per car.  
Calves—50 cents per head, not less than \$12 nor more than \$15 per car. Double-deck cars, 30 cents per head, not less than \$12 nor more than \$15 per double-deck.  
Hogs—50 cents per head, not less than \$5 nor more than \$10 per car. Double-deck cars, 30 cents per head, not less than \$12 nor more than \$15 per double-deck.  
There are similar schedules for mixed lots of stock, loads in which part of the stock is double-decked, for stock driven or hauled in. There are also buying commissions. Burton charges that all these commissions are 50 per cent more than a reasonable charge.

Section 2. In the petition, some of these charges are called "extortionate" and "confiscatory." The packers, on the other hand, it is alleged, are substantially without competition and thus can fix prices at pleasure, without protest from the commission men.

Such an arrangement, Burton argues, creates a monopoly, as there is no other general market for livestock in this section of the country, and the owners of livestock must submit to the conditions imposed by the defendants or else suffer great loss.

A specific charge is made that high prices for feed have been made to owners of cattle in the yard, and that some of this feed was both of inferior quality and short weight. Against these conditions, Burton declares, the owners had no recourse. The further charge is made that the packers have benefited by short weights in livestock and in unfair dockage for stock sold to them.

The greater part of the defendant companies, it is alleged, are so rich and so powerful under the various agreements that nobody who desires to succeed in the livestock business can combat them, and competition virtually is destroyed.

Inspection of Cattle.  
As an instance of how the alleged agreements work, Burton offers a rule of the exchange providing for the inspection of cattle. By this rule, inspectors are appointed by the defendants, according to the petition, and the owners and shippers have no voice in it. If the owners or shippers have been benefited by the inspection, and competition virtually is destroyed.

Continued on Page 2, Column 2.



## FEDERALS, DYING IN TORREON HOSPITAL, SHOW IT 'VIVA VILLA'

Rebels Formally Take Possession of City Evacuated by Velasco With Loss of 1500 Men.

### VILLA CENTER OF FIGHT

General Dashed Along Line of Battle Cheering Men; Smiled When Victory Was Won.

By Associated Press.

TORREON, Mexico, April 3.—(Via El Paso, Tex., April 4.)—This city, from which Gen. Refugio Velasco and most of the unhurt of his command fled yesterday, was occupied by the rebels in force today and the work of burning the bodies of the dead, clearing away the wreckage of shell shattered adobe walls, street barricades and barbed wire entanglements was begun.

Although Villa took a large number of prisoners, Velasco escaped from the Canon de Huachuque with a considerable proportion of his forces. He was pursued last night by Gen. Hernandez, who reported later that he had fought a small rear guard action with the retreating force. Gen. Villa, with reinforcements, left here to make an attempt to capture or annihilate the Federal army.

1500 Federals Killed and Wounded. Non-combatants here, with whom the Associated Press correspondent has talked estimated Velasco's garrison did not number more than 1000 men, of whom 1500 were killed or wounded. Velasco left 300 wounded in the military hospital. When the rebels entered the place they found only one nurse, Dorothea De La Cruz, in attendance. She said that the other nurses followed the army when it evacuated the city. The patients were in a high state of anxiety for they had been told that "Villa took no prisoners. They were massacred by H. B. Cunaud-Cummins, the British Vice-Consul at Gomez Palacio, who entered the hospital first, stepping over bodies of the wounded who had died there."

The British Vice-Consul announced that Villa had assured him some of the wounded would be harmed. At this, those who had the strength raised themselves on their elbows from pallets on the floor and from their cots and cried, feebly, "Viva Villa."

Man Cheering Villa Drops Dead. The nurse was soothing a dying patient who with his last breath joined the cheering and then sank back dead.

Persons who said they were witnesses declared that Velasco summarily executed three Spaniards whom he accused of firing on his troops. The wife of one of these, Loreto Lopez attempted to shield her husband and the same bullet killed both.

American Consul Uimer, who remained in town throughout the battle, gave protection to 350 Spaniards, including women and children, who took refuge in a bank building. As far as the insurgents have shown no disposition to harm those Spaniards who are known to have remained neutral. Other foreigners, including 50 Chinese, Syrians and Austrians, and 100 Americans were unhurt and so far as could be learned.

It was reported Gen. Velasco himself was wounded, but this report, like the one that he went insane in the trenches, could not be confirmed and the impression prevails that he is still at the head of his troops. Two Federal Generals were killed and three wounded.

Night Assaults Routed Federals. It is said here that Velasco's retreat was brought about by his losses in the night assaults. The rebels are sure that his soldiers, worn out by the prolonged fighting and fearful of the casualties which they were told Villa practiced on the wounded and prisoners, were on the verge of mutiny.

In the course of the house-to-house fighting, rebels and Federals frequently came within talking distance of each other and in some cases got on such friendly terms that they ceased firing entirely.

In most of these cases the Federals were persuaded to remain when Velasco retreated and will be enrolled under the rebel banner.

At least a fortnight will be required to gear up the army before the anticipated campaign against Saltillo and Monterrey can be made.

Rebel leaders are awaiting news of the political effect of their victory on Mexico City and Washington.

The Federal artillery was superior to that of the rebels, many of whose shells proved defective.

Villa Animates Fighters. His spirit animated everything. When things were going wrong he would gallop along the battle line, encouraging or reprimanding as the individual case required.

"Well done," he said to the gunner whose shell had fallen true.

"Men like you will redeem Mexico," he complimented a wounded man who remained in the firing line.

"What, boy, do you find the dancing floor too rough?" he chided a soldier who on some pretext was making for the rear.

Villa was in his headquarters at Gomez Palacio, Thursday night when Torreón fell. Almost up to the hour of the Federal flight, he could not see the end of the battle and that morning had telegraphed for bigger cannon, for it seemed as if his artillery was inadequate to dislodge the enemy from their positions in Huachuque.

Villa's black, thick hair was mussed and standing straight up for the most part, and a six-day stubble of beard was on his face. As news of the evacuation came, he was in a state of collapse.

## GRAND JURY URGES ARREST OF MOTORMEN AS SPEEDERS

February Report Classes Fast Street Car Drivers as Auto Scorchers and Recommends That Motor Cops Take Them as Violators of Law.

Motor men who have speed means would better apply brakes and slow down. The February grand jury, in its report to Circuit Judge Jones Saturday, recommended that United Railway auto scorches be dealt with the same as auto scorches are.

If the recommendation is acted upon, the spectacle might be afforded of a motor cycle cop chasing a street car or the other, in the persons of the car and passengers.

One advantage will be the presence of plenty of witnesses, for one side of the street, in the persons of the car and passengers.

Want Police to Enforce Law. The grand jury recommends that policemen be instructed to see that the motormen comply strictly with the law. They should be required, the report says, "to sound their gong when approaching every street intersection and give way to drivers of all other vehicles who, under the laws as prescribed, might have right to the crossings, and they should be forced to recognize the same speed law as applies to automobile."

"While automobile drivers are arrested, tried and convicted for violations of this law, we never hear of a motorman being prosecuted individually, which in the opinion of the grand jury is favoritism shown the United Railway Co., and we accordingly urge the recommendation that the police department be given instructions to treat all classes alike."

One reached him, he smiled and was very agreeable in his answers to newspaper reporters.

"Tell the public that after 11 days' fighting the Federals evacuated Torreón, leaving their dead and wounded behind them. That is all," he concluded.

Stories are told here of insults to the American flag perpetrated by Federal soldiers, who were enraged by rumors that a large number of Americans were in Villa's army. As a matter of fact, there were but nine Americans with Villa and none of them was killed or wounded.

One American Doctor in Torreón. Dr. A. N. Carr, an American resident of Torreón, was the only physician on duty when the rebels took the town. He transferred his services to Villa and the latter instructed him to continue his work in the hospital.

The formal entry into the city was without ceremony. The victory has greatly raised the spirits of the soldiers, who have come through a trying campaign and who now talk confidently of taking the national capital.

EDGAR IN NEW YORK TO WIN BACK HIS WIFE

Wealthy Zinc Manufacturer Supposed to Be Seeking Reconciliation Again.

Selwyn C. Edgar, wealthy zinc manufacturer, 475 East 10th street, was in New York Saturday at the Belmont Hotel, where he went last Tuesday, presumably in another effort to effect a reconciliation with his wife, who left him last January.

When Mrs. Edgar left St. Louis it was supposed she was to visit two weeks with her brother, Alfred H. Shotwell, in Chicago. Afterward, however, she wrote Edgar she intended to remain away from him permanently. Edgar went to Chicago in February in an effort to effect a reconciliation with his wife, but found upon reaching Chicago that Mrs. Edgar had gone to New York to visit her sister, Mrs. Melville D. Chapman. Edgar returned to St. Louis, but it is understood he since has been writing by letter to reach an understanding with his wife, who is still in New York.

Home of Kremer's Daughter Burns. NEW YORK, April 4.—The spacious summer home of Mrs. Jessica Taylor, daughter of the late James R. Kremer, at Cedarhurst, L. I., was destroyed by fire last night at a loss estimated at \$250,000. The residence was under lease by Jason Waters, a Wall street broker.

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## SPECIAL BRIDGE ELECTION JUNE 30 LEGAL, SAYS BAIRD

Voting on Bond Issue Authorized by Council Would Fulfill Petition, Counselor Declares.

40,935 NAMES VERIFIED.

Petitions for Bond Election Contain 10,275 More Signatures Than Are Required.

The Haller bill, authorizing a special election June 30 for the \$2,750,000 bridge bond issue proposed in the initiative petition for an election Nov. 4, passed by the Council by unanimous vote Friday.

The bill was given its first reading in the House of Delegates Friday night, and although A. M. leaders in the lower house are opposed to the bill, it is a partial poll of the Delegates found most of them noncommittal as to their action if it is put to a vote next week.

City Counselor Baird, in a written opinion to the Council, anticipated the action of the A. M. members that if a special election were held June 30, a second election under the initiative petitions would be compulsory Nov. 4, even if bonds were voted at the first election. Baird declared if bonds were voted at an election in June, an injunction against holding the November election could be asked by any taxpayer and it would be a complete case in the eyes of any court to allege that the purpose for which the initiative petitions were circulated no longer exists.

Petition Will Survive Session. Baird told a Post-Dispatch reporter that it was his ruling also that the initiative petition, which will be presented to the Assembly Monday or Tuesday by the Election Board as sufficient, will not expire with the end of the present session, but will automatically be before the new session, which convenes April 21.

Delegate McCarthy, the A. M. committee leader, says he intends to fight the initiative bill when it comes up at the next session, on the theory that it expired like ordinary legislative bills when the old session adjourned sine die. McCarthy says he will continue the bill until it is before the next session and therefore the members will not be compelled to pass a \$2,750,000 bond issue election ordinance or call a special election under the initiative within 40 days to let the public do so.

The Haller bill is in substance the same as the bill introduced by the center of a fight for many months and is now resting in the hands of the Joint Committee on Free Bridge Affairs that refused to receive the petition of the Citizens' Committee of the Business Men's League.

Haller Bill Will Finish Bridge. The bill, which was introduced by the center of a fight for many months and is now resting in the hands of the Joint Committee on Free Bridge Affairs that refused to receive the petition of the Citizens' Committee of the Business Men's League.

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## CHINESE SERVANT SLAYS A WOMAN, BURNS HER BODY

Confesses Murder of Canadian Pacific Railway Official's Wife When Reprimanded.

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## SUFFRAGETTES ARE ROUGHLY HANDLED BY TOUGHS; 3 HELD

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## TOO MANY DETECTIVES SPOIL GANG CAPT

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## Two Valentines

A Story in Which  
Cupid Employs a  
Small Boy as His  
Special Agent.

By Kate Patch.

"UNCLE Jack, do you know anything about hearts?"

Uncle Jack raised his head and looked down on the troubled face at his elbow.

"I wish I did," he growled.

"Does that look anything like a heart?"

A pair of scissors was clasped in one rough little hand and the other held up a three-cornered bit of paper, in the center of which had been pasted the head of a smiling lady.

Uncle Jack took the paper in his own hand and contemplated it thoughtfully.

"Well, well," he murmured, "I don't know that it looks like a heart—exactly—but it looks very much like mine. Tell all I get around the edge, and a girl's face in the center. What do you want it for, sonny?"

"It's a valentine for Cella," replied the little boy, leaning confidently against his uncle's knee. "I thought yesterday I wouldn't give her any—'cause I was angry—then, and now, today, you see, I am not cross, and I wish I'd got one, 'cause she'd like it so much."

"And this is St. Valentine's day?" he asked.

"Yes, and the shops are shut up, 'cause it's Sunday, so you see I must make a valentine and take it round to her this afternoon."

"Oh, course," said Uncle Jack. "You wouldn't want her to think you were angry still."

"Oh, no, and—I hope Cella didn't cry."

"Celia? Is she Miss Burroughs' little sister?"

"Miss Burroughs is her aunt—my aunt, 'cause Cella's things are mine—when we're not cross."

"Oh," said Uncle Jack. "And are you things Cella's? Am I Cella's Uncle Jack?"

"Course," was the decided answer.

"Well, that's very nice, I'm sure. I'd rather have Cella for a niece than any little girl I know. You can tell her so if you like, Stuart."

Stuart took the valentine from Uncle Jack's hand and regarded it critically.

"Couldn't you help me to make a better one?" he asked wistfully.

Borrowing Stuart's scissors, he at last succeeded in cutting out a very presentable heart, and to the center of this the face of the smiling lady was transferred. Then Stuart laboriously printed around the edge: "I love you. Be my valentine. I am not angry any more."

"Why were you angry?" asked Uncle Jack musingly, as he watched the slow progress of the lettering.

"Oh, 'cause," said Stuart shyly, "I was sort of mad with me at the dancing class, and Billy Hart got there first—and she took him."

"Then why are you sending her a valentine?" went on his curious uncle.

"'Cause I can't stay cross," admitted the little boy. "It's all right."

"Just my case exactly," muttered Uncle Jack, looking up quickly.

"Do you ever go to a dancing class?" he asked searchingly.

"I go to dances sometimes," replied the victim.

"And did a little girl forget you?" Uncle Jack nodded gloomily.

Stuart drew nearer, his big eyes wide open. "She got sort of yellow hair, and she was sort of quiet when she was to dancing class."

"Yes," said Uncle Jack. "Is she as pretty as Cella?"

"Fretter."

"Does she give you half her biscuits?"

"No."

"Celia dear," with an air of triumph, "Does she kiss you when you make her?"

"She won't let me kiss her," said Stuart.

"Do you have all her aunts and uncles and mothers and fathers and cousins for yours?"

"I wish to goodness I did!"

"Then—Stuart drew nearer and looked up at Uncle Jack's face—"then why don't you send her a valentine?"

"She's a good girl, and I like her," said Uncle Jack.

"Does she like you?"

"Yes, she thinks I'm a good boy."

"Then you think it would be a good idea," he asked at length.

"Yes, we can cut out another heart and put a picture on it, and I'll make the letters for you if you like."

"Thank you," said Uncle Jack. "I'll do it right now. I'll make the letters for you if you like."

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Sketches Showing Some of the Hats Designed by Miss Margaret Wilson.  
"The White House Milliner;" Photo of a Gown in Miss Eleanor's Trousseau

THE photograph of the dress that will be a part of Miss Eleanor Wilson's trousseau was taken at a New York modiste's shop for the New York Herald. The sketches of hats as designed and trimmed by Miss Margaret for her sisters and her mother were drawn from photographs. (1) Mrs. Wilson at Staunton, Va., January, 1913. (2) Miss Eleanor in New York last week. (3) Mrs. Wilson, from photo taken last summer. (4) Mrs. Wilson at Bermuda. (5) One of Mrs. Wilson's spring hats. (6) Miss Eleanor at Bermuda last year. (7) Miss Eleanor, from photo taken last spring. (8) Mrs. Jessie Wilson Sayre, photo taken last year. (9) and (10) Miss Eleanor in New York last week.



MARGARET WILSON

REFLECTIONS  
OF A  
BACHELOR GIRL

By HELEN ROWLAND

HE higher a man's "ideals" the lower his collar.

A husband's love, like an orchid, requires tender care and constant cultivation, but a wife's love, like an air plant, is supposed to flourish entirely upon imagination.

A woman always fondly treasures the love letters of an old flame, but to a man a dead love is so dead that he will calmly and cheerfully make pipe lighters out of the tender effusions of the girl-before-the-last.

The high cost of living is a strictly modern problem, but the high cost of loving has been proverbial from the days of Helen of Troy clear down to the days of Gaby Deslys.

The Seven Deadly Sins: Bouillon without salt, spaghetti without sauce, marriage without love, a dance without a partner, a woman without tact, a moon without a man, and—life without a flirtation!

A woman would usually play fair in the game of love if her vis-a-vis did not always stack the cards so that she can't afford to.

What man calls "reform" is so often nothing but a painful regret that he can no longer keep up the pace.

It takes a woman twenty years to make a man of her son—and a chorus girl twenty minutes to make a fool of him.

A woman can always tell when a man is beginning to fall in love with her; but if she is sensible she will keep the news to herself, until it begins to dawn on him.

All capricious women are not fascinating, but all fascinating women are capricious; because to keep a man charmed a girl has to be like a vaudeville show, with a change of bill every half hour.

When a man is in love with himself, it doesn't particularly matter whether a girl is in love with him or not, because the general balance is so satisfactory that he doesn't even notice it.

Men ARE brave! If they weren't, not a single blessed one of them would ever get married; for he had announced his intentions to his bachelor friends and they had finished with him!

There was a pleasant mystical flavor about this that pleased Stuart, but when they reached Cella's gate Uncle Jack turned in with him. "Ar—you going to wait for me?" asked the little boy.

"Of course," said Uncle Jack with a pleasant air of comradeship.

Stuart rang the bell, and in the interval of waiting peered anxiously in through the glass. "I wonder if she'll come herself," he whispered excitedly, but when the door was opened it was not Cella, but Cella's aunt, who stood before them.

She was a very pretty aunt, with blue eyes like Cella's, and soft golden hair.

Stuart was disappointed, but Uncle Jack did not seem to be.

"Wall," said Cella's aunt, as if he were surprised, and then her cheeks turned a sort of rose color. "Won't you come in," she said in a soft voice.

"I will," replied Stuart promptly. "I want to see Cella; and he said he'd wait for me—but you won't stop, will you?" he asked, turning to his uncle.

Uncle Jack had intended merely to leave his valentine at the door, but the glimpse of Cella's aunt had made him change his mind.

"I think I can stop for a little while," he said, as they followed Miss Burroughs into the dim, pleasant room.

There was a cheerful fire in the hearth, with comfortable chairs drawn up about it—a pleasant resting place on a February afternoon. Cella's aunt sank into one of the chairs and Uncle

Jack took another, but Stuart looked about restlessly.

"Where's Cella?" he asked.

"In the nursery looking at her valentines," replied Cella's aunt. "But wait a minute, dear. What have you in that big envelope?"

She lifted Stuart on her knee and bent her pretty head close to his, for she knew that Uncle Jack was watching her, and she did not want to look into his eyes.

Stuart displayed his treasure. "It isn't as pretty as the valentine in the window," he said regretfully, "but I couldn't get that on Sunday. Do you think she'll like it?"

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MISS MARGARET WILSON is the milliner of the White House. Recently she has been busy designing and trimming new hats for the trousseau of her sister, Eleanor, who is to be the bride of Secretary McAdoo of the Treasury Department.

Miss Margaret is a "home girl," and two of her chief accomplishments are embroidery and trimming hats. Her sisters and her mother have always been glad to get Miss Margaret's counsel, and

they prefer the hats trimmed by her to those bought from the fashionable chapeau makers. Miss Margaret made the hats worn by Mrs. Sayre on her honeymoon journey abroad.

The ones she is designing now for the latest White House bride-to-be are said to be the best she has done.

Recently Miss Eleanor and Miss Margaret have been spending hours in the Washington shops. One of the errands of the elder sister was to buy flosses and needles for the embroidery of some dainty waists for the future Mrs. McAdoo.

"Please" "I Thank You" and "I Beg Pardon," Count Heavily

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

AN Englishman who is over here studying the educational systems said to me that the most significant fault of our education was lack of proper everyday respect for people. He said:

"While it is a shame to live in a free country with independence and all that, there is such a thing as having too much independence. For example, your children are oversteering on the street. After school hours they swarm everywhere and they have no respect for the passer-by."

"The most common courtesies are unknown to them. Your public schools are wonderful institutions and they seem to be developing into higher education, similar to the colleges. But the fundamental principles of everyday human relationship are practically unknown."

Stuart looked at her a moment thoughtfully. "Uncle Jack said you wouldn't let him kiss you, but—'he touched her cheek carelessly with one small brown hand—'you'll kiss me, won't you?"

"Of course, you dear little goose!" exclaimed Cella's aunt, and she bent her pretty head and kissed him.

Stuart received the kiss gravely. Then he slipped from her lap and turned to the young man opposite.

"Here, Uncle Jack," he said, "here's your kiss. I don't want it. Now you can be friends again."

Uncle Jack stooped and kissed the upturned lips.

"Thank a little fellow," he said. "Now, you'd better run and find Cella."

"I would begin in the very lowest grades of the schools, and in the homes, where possible, and teach the common, every-minute usage of three phrases that seem to be generally unknown. They are 'Please,' 'Thank you' and 'I beg pardon.' I believe also that these three, if firmly fixed in the growing mind and used accordingly, would do more to mold the future citizen than any arithmetic or grammar lesson ever devised."

"In fact, it should be a part of the every-minute curriculum of the school. As it is now it is just within the discretion of the individual teacher or the parent, and it seems to me left for the home, and it seems to me every member of the family (especially where there are bread-winners) is so busy doing his part that he has little or no time to pay attention to any other member."

"And again, I do not wonder that the children are lacking in 'manner' in the street. All you have to do is to get into a subway train during the 'rush hour' and note the crowding and pushing of the adults, unaccompanied by any of the above phrases."

Much wisdom that! And the question comes: does our hurry habit make us less polite than are our neighbors across the sea, and do we fail to cultivate these common, man-to-man courtesies?

Members of the Board of Health of a Canadian town visited the slaughterhouses the other day and straightaway announced that they would become vegetarians.

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The Goblins  
Give Gustavus  
a Lesson

Sandman Story by  
By Mrs. F. A. Walker.

GUSTAVUS was a very reckless youth. Instead of tending his sheep and helping his mother, who was a widow, he would leave his sheep to wander about and waste his time with companions at the village tavern.

One night when Gustavus was returning from the tavern after having spent the day there, he was passing a thick wood, when suddenly there appeared in front of him a very little man.

He was laughing from the limb of a tree with one hand and with the other he pulled off Gustavus' hat.

Gustavus rubbed his eyes when he saw the queer-looking little man, for he felt sure he was dreaming.

"You are a good-for-nothing fellow," said the little man, and then he pulled Gustavus' hair.

"That is none of your affair," said Gustavus, "and if you pull my hair again I will shake you."

"I am a goblin," replied the little man, "and if you think a dozen like me would be only a handful, I will give you a chance to try." And he gave a low whistle as he finished speaking.

Before Gustavus could reply, the rock upon which he was sitting seemed to open in the middle, and he felt himself held tightly between it. And then from all sides came goblins running, tumbling and jumping, until all around him were hundreds of these queer little men.

He tried to get away, but he was held firmly between the rocks. The goblin in the tree began to laugh and dropped to the ground. "Now you can shake as many as you like," he said.

Gustavus stretched out his arm and caught several of the goblins in his big hand, but he dropped them quickly with a cry of pain, for he felt as though his hand was being pierced by a hundred needles.

"Oh! no," they laughed, dancing around as Gustavus dropped them; "we may be small, but we are powerful."

"You have been spending too much time at the tavern and neglecting your flock," said one goblin, "and your poor old mother, too. We have decided to teach you how to work."

"Nepot! Nepot!" they called, and the rock opened wider and Gustavus felt himself sliding down, down, and then bump, he sat up and looked around.

There were houses and trees and water just like any other land, but everything looked small.

"We will shrink him first," said one goblin, and Gustavus saw the goblins coming from all directions carrying little buckets.

They began pouring the contents of these buckets over Gustavus, and he felt himself growing smaller and smaller, until he was no larger than the goblins.

"Now you must work," they told him. "Draw water from the well with us. You have been neglecting your flock, now you must do it for a while."

Gustavus took one of the little pails and filled it. "Four it out," they told him, "and fill it again."

How his back ached, and his hands were sore, too, but the goblins were pitiless.

"Your mother was tired many times," they told him, "but you were in bed and asleep instead of helping her as you ought to have done."

"Go and do some sleep," they said, "that you left out all night."

Gustavus got up and it seemed to him that he traveled miles before he found the flock.

When he drove them into the fold he said, "I cannot walk another step," and sank upon the ground.

"Chirp, chirp," sounded near him, and when he opened his eyes there he was sitting under a tree and a robin was singing in the branch over his head.

"This is the place where I saw that goblin in the tree," said Gustavus. "I told you to stop. You have let your old mother get the water for a long time; now you must do it for a while."

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*By Jean Knott*

HEY YOU, MIKE ROONEY  
GIMME THEM \$2. YOU  
OWE ME FOR LEARNING  
YOU TO TANGO



POST-DISPATCH  
LEAGUE OF 1914  
GAINS 13 TEAMS

Entry List of Last Year Increase  
by More Than a Dozen  
Schools.

round of games in the Post-Dispatch Public School Baseball League will be played. Many of the teams have been practicing daily to prepare for the keen contests sure to result on April 11. Reports from team managers and captains indicate that almost every club entered in the

The entry of 43 teams will mean that eight divisions, including a team, are to be formed, and each team will play five games.

The schedule of opening games next Saturday will be printed in Sunday's Post-Dispatch. AS SOON AS THE SCHEDULE IS ANNOUNCED

In as many cases as possible, games will be scheduled on school grounds but in the event that neither team has a suitable field, the teams will play on a public park field, in park nearest the schools.

Following is another group of schools and players:

**GARFIELD SCHOOL** — Lew Thompson, Eugene Gidsonen, Ed Schemmer, Walter Geiser, Ray Knight, George Branchie, O. Eyrman, Edwin Rauth, Karl Kruse, Walter Jackson, Iahn, Hoon.

**CHARLES SCHOGG**—Mar-  
tine Schogg, Gus Pausen, Samuel  
Joseph Slip, Earl A. Halsel, Dick Per-  
Ruffin Cuidan, Clemens Thumall,  
ward Fledeler, William Leinert, Wal-  
Klose.

**ASHLAND SCHOOL**—Chester Ne-  
neck, Joseph Comer, Jacob Mad-  
Richard Dandridge, Earl Meler, Jan-  
Clemens Thumall, Fred Mil-  
Joe Jordan, Alonzo Robbins.

**WEBSTER SCHOOL**—Alex Lov-  
dahl, Arthur E. Heffernon, Frank Ho-

man, Gorge Hoeynck, John Buckle, Charles Bruce, Clifford Harrison, Edward Zimmerman, Rudolph Boehm, Tobias O'Brien, Albert Twellman.

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## SEVEN VARSITY TEAMS

## IN ATHLETIC EVENT

CHICAGO, April 4.—Wrestlers, fencers and gymnasts of seven universities in the Western Intercollegiate Association will compete in the annual championship meet today at the gymnasium at the University of Chicago. Representatives of Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Chicago will participate.

Only athletes from Chicago, Illinois and

Wisconsin will compete in the fencing tournament and these universities, together with Nebraska and Indiana, will appear in the epee and foil matches. Athletes from all seven universities will compete in the women's matches.

**DIAMOND GLINTS**  
The Yankees evened up the series with the Yankees, winning the game.

The White Sox defeated the Fort Wayne (Tribune) League 8-1. Jensen hurled all the way for the Chicagoans allowing eight hits.

With Zeiser and Coubane, recruits from the Red Sox took the New

Cold weather prevented the playing of the scheduled game between the Athletics and Phils Friday. They will attempt to put on the second game Saturday.

Clark Griffith's team made merry of the expense of the University of Virginia team in Washington Friday. The Nationals held the collegians to no runs and no hits, while scoring 13 runs on 12 hits.

Indianapolis outfit the Cubs 5-1. Hank O'Day's men won 1-1. worked all the way for the Cubs.

It took the Naps 16 innings to beat Chattanooga (Southern League) 1-0 Friday.











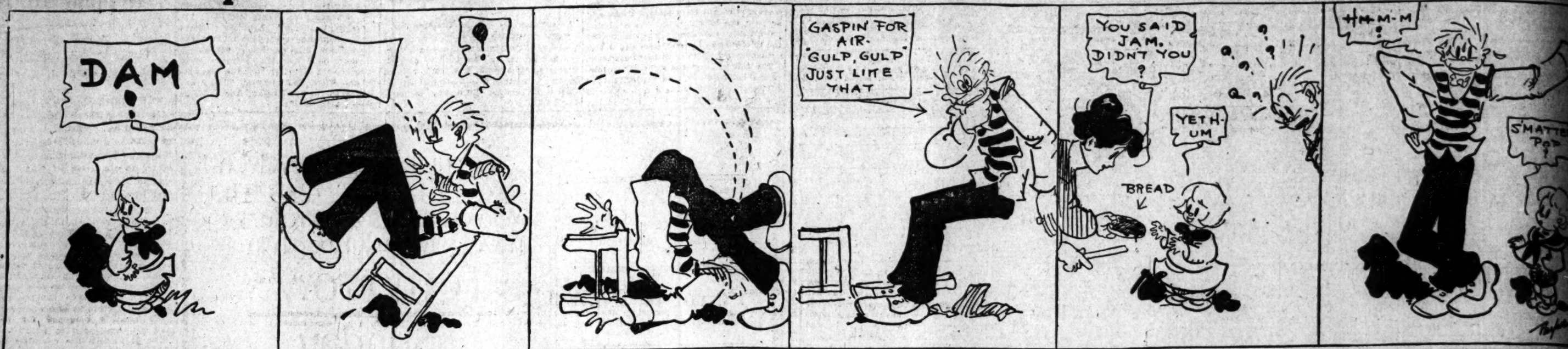




# S'Matter Pop?

Alkali Ike Administers a Big Shock.

Drawn for the Post-Dispatch By C. M. PAYNE



## Blessing in Disguise



Mother: "Give Willie a Spring Sundae—(otto voce to clerk) sulphur and melasses."

## Pa's Diary

By Hazen Conklin.

I HAD a caller at the office today. I was right up to my ears in a conference with Jepson and Huntington, our Southwest territory manager, tryin' to circumvent young Nat Sudder of Sudder's Peerless Brand Soaps, when my secretary takes a peep in at my office door. He ducked back quick when he see that I was still busy. But when the confab was over he come in again and he says: "Mr. Dobbins, there's a gentleman waitin' to see you." And he passed me a dinky little engraved card. I took a quick look at it and nearly fell out of my chair when I see the name "Percival Stuyvesant Von der Loon." "Shall I show him in?" says my secretary. "Wait a minute," I says. "Gimme a chance to get my breath." I knew he couldn't be there on soap business, and I knew it wasn't no social call, so I had only one guess left. He must come to see me about Clarice. I hadn't set eyes on him yet, and havin' a curiosity to know what he looked like, I took a chance and had him come in. I was all set to see a wispy young dude, mebbe with a monacle—or whatever they call them one-eye windows—and mebbe a little slipped eyebrow mus-tache like the young fellow I see in Woolleys when I got measured for my new duds, but I was dead wrong. He was a short, stubbed, pudgy, mar-ket-fattened, red-cheeked little feller, one of the kind that strut around actin' as important as all get-out. He seemed to take it for granted that I'd know what he come for, because he set right down on the edge of a chair, and propped himself up on his cane and opened fire on me without battin' an eyelash. "Mr. Dawbena," he said, without so much as clearin' his throat, "in our set, when two young people have progressed so far as an unspoken sentimental understandin', it is customary for the young man to—er—interview—er—the father and gain a consent to the match." "I see," I says. "You scratch the match on the old man's back to see if it'll light. Go on." "Precisely," he says, "although I shouldn't have expressed it exactly in that way. I presume you are prepared to entertain my proposal for your daughter's hand." "Has she let you hold it?" I says, wonderin' just how far matters had gone. He made a face and blushed, but he owned up. "She has," he said. "Well," I says, "that hand was washed with Dobbins' soap, and I understand you ain't got much use for Dobbins' soap. So you must want Clarice in spite of the soap, that right?" He set his jaw, kind of. "Then is it because of Dobbins' soap?" I says. "I am sure Mr. Jarr isn't one of those kind of men, brutes who only think a wife is an underpaid and overworked slave! Mr. Jarr would like you to have SOME pleasure, I am sure!" "Why, certainly," said Mr. Jarr, fallin' into the trap. "That's what I have been sayin'!" At this moment Mrs. Mudridge-Smith arrived, arrayed in purple and fine linen, so to speak, and also in high spirits and feathers. "Why, how pale you are looking, dear Mrs. Jarr!" she cried. "You've been stickin' in the house too much! Howdy do, Irene, how's Capt. Tynnefoyle? Well, you can have a good time till he gets well, and he'll never know the difference. I suppose he's like all the rest

## The Jarr Family

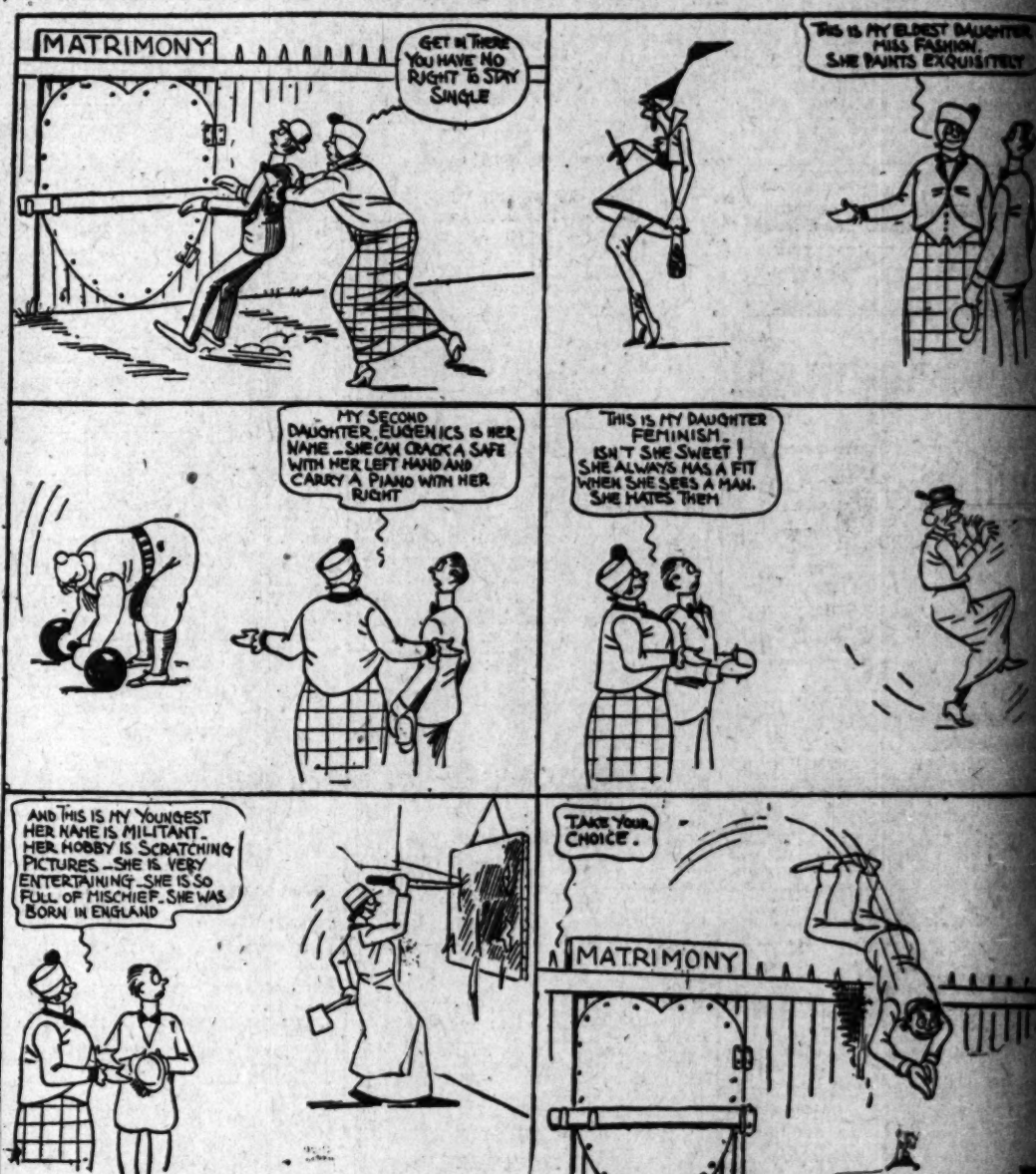
By ROY L. MCCARDELL

### Patrick Henry Jarr De-cides He Will Learn the New Dance Steps.

"I AIN'T going to dance those crazy big, blue eyes filled with tears. 'Oh, certainly not, my dear, if you don't WANT to join the dancing class,' she said in a faint, low, sweet voice, a voice such as any long suf-fering, but patient, uncompaining fond and loving, but greatly abused wife, might use. "Well, of course, I don't mind goin' with you," blurted Mr. Jarr. "Blur-ble!" is not an accepted word, but it is the best description of the tones of a man who realizes he's never won a battle in these marital skirmishes yet, and that he isn't going to win one now. "Oh, never mind, my dear," said that sweet martyr, Mrs. Jarr. "Clara Mud-ridge-Smith only thought I'd enjoy belongin' to her dancing class. Irene can go in my place. I'll stay home." Miss Irene Cackleberry, getting val-uable lessons in the mastery of men through the tyranny of tears, said no word. Why should she? "Irene," said Mrs. Jarr, the same tone of sad, sweet resignation. "Call up and see if Mrs. Mudridge-Smith is on her way here. Say I have been taken with a dreadful sick headache, if she's yet at home." Something in the tone also seemed to say, "She will understand, she's a married woman." "Now don't do that!" cried Mr. Jarr quickly. "I was only joking. Shucks! I want to dance, I think it will be great fun. "It doesn't matter," Mrs. Jarr went on, wiping away a tear that trickled unbidden down her cheek. "I sup-pose it's foolish of me to want to keep young and to wish to have pleasant times like others have. I'm married and have children, my place is in the house with them, I suppose!" And Mrs. Jarr heaved a sigh. Miss Irene Cackleberry knew now it was time to speak. "Oh, Mrs. Jarr, don't say that!" she exclaimed. "I am sure Mr. Jarr isn't one of those kind of men, brutes who only think a wife is an underpaid and overworked slave! Mr. Jarr would like you to have SOME pleasure, I am sure!" "Why, certainly," said Mr. Jarr, fallin' into the trap. "That's what I have been sayin'!" At this moment Mrs. Mudridge-Smith arrived, arrayed in purple and fine linen, so to speak, and also in high spirits and feathers. "Why, how pale you are looking, dear Mrs. Jarr!" she cried. "You've been stickin' in the house too much! Howdy do, Irene, how's Capt. Tynnefoyle? Well, you can have a good time till he gets well, and he'll never know the difference. I suppose he's like all the rest

## Why Not?

Drawn for the Post-Dispatch By MAURICE KETTER



## Hits From Sharp Wits.

The man who bottles his wrath is a corker.  
A man of accomplishments isn't necessarily a man of deeds.  
The road to happiness is ever hills and dales and he who travels it never finds it wearisome or too long.—Deseret News.  
The street car conductor is the great promoter. He is always saying to peo-  
ple, "Please step forward."—Deseret News.  
Advice is cheap, but acting upon it is frequently quite expensive.—Macon News.  
Indigestion is responsible for a mul-titude of family quarrels.—Macon Tel-egraph.  
Some idlers make the mistake of thinkin' the Lord will provide the

patches when the seat of their trou-sers needs repairs.—Toledo Blade.  
The man who wants to borrow trou-bles may have all he needs in his busi-ness without an indorse.—Knoxville Journal and Tribune.  
Don't be prejudiced against the man who wears a wide braid in his eye-glasses or a feather in the band of his hat. The chances are he is more sen-sible than he looks.—New Orleans States.

## Maybe Axel Is Running Yet.



Drawn for the Post-Dispatch By VIC.

"I Know V the G Boston  
"New Pos Every of the  
All Wome to Ke Menta  
Housework but Is Reliev  
By MARGUI

O H, little girl, w ed flat upon tailed coat an ticular pride among the DEBUTANTE SI know how a group o women departed from to discuss you and you (can Physical Educati here last week? Do you want to kno Imperling the Immedi you are accused of bel vert all the progress o real culture? And do you care to that is in store for present manner of car It was during a ses- tion of the associatio Posse, vice-president, chanced to breathe al slouch." The subject program. Oh, no; th consider scientific ai "method of curvical thesia," "scoliosis and of education gymnasti- deficient," etc. But—merely mentio forthwith an animati was on.

How They Dist D R. BARNETTE arose to his fee of the group o him and stepped quie platform, "to be at a you," he said. "Young women who all too familiarly know began the doctor, in ci "are disobeying all the in our textbooks, and th practice are manifold. contort their bodies in D Their chins fall ch one side or the other, that will maintain a ba "Now, if the body is spine is not an immedi relaxation of the front organs resting heavily quickly will bring abou "At best we have litt front muscles of the b amulates most rapidl no, however, is to rah tenses, exercise the diap in order to keep the r bodies in their pro "Now, it is appare in this slouch doe phragmatically. All th only a slight fluttering chest. Her visible pul